

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

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EIGHTH YEAR.

HAZEL GREEN, WOLFE COUNTY, KY., FRIDAY, JULY 1, 1892.

NUMBER 15.

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AN IMPORTANT BILL

For Material Men and the Laboring Classes.

The following bill, of interest to material and laboring men, passed the lower house of the General Assembly last week: An act to amend chapter seventy (70), General Statutes, title "Liens in Favor of Mechanics."

Be it enacted by the General Assembly of the Commonwealth of Kentucky:

§ 1. That section one of chapter seventy (70), General Statutes, be, and the same is hereby repealed, and therefore the following is substituted, to wit:

§ 1. A person who performs labor or furnishes materials in the erection, altering or repairing a house, building or other structure, or for any fixture or machinery therein, or for the excavation of cellars, cisterns, vaults, wells, or for the improvement in any manner of real estate by contract with or by the written consent of the owner, shall have a lien thereon, and upon the land upon which said improvement shall have been made, to secure the amount thereof, with costs; and said lien on the land or improvements, shall be superior to any mortgage or encumbrance created subsequent to the beginning of the labor or the furnishing of the materials; and there shall be no homestead or other exemptions as against the lien herein, and in the following sections provided for, and said lien, if asserted as hereinafter provided, shall relate back, and take effect from the time of the commencement of the labor or the furnishing of the materials."

§ 2. And section five (5) of said chapter is hereby repealed, and therefore the following is substituted, to wit:

§ 2. If the labor performed or materials furnished shall not be performed or furnished by contract with the owner, but for a contractor or sub-contractor, no lien shall attach for the same unless notice in writing be given by the claimant to the owner within (20) days after he ceases to labor or furnish materials that a lien will be claimed, setting forth in the notice the amount of the claim and what for. If the owner shall fail to pay upon such notice, the property shall be in lien for the amount he ought to pay as prescribed in the first section of this chapter. But the liens authorized by this chapter shall have no effect if security shall have been taken for the labor performed or materials furnished."

§ 3. And because many laboring men and material men are, by the present inadequate and defective lien law, deceived as to their rights, which are few, it is, upon that subject, an emergency therefore exists, and this act shall take effect upon its approval by the Governor.

But to Bessie.

Now 'oo dit out, Bessie M'Tee, my papa's tumlin' but adin, an' 'de tumlin', too. 'Oo' will have to div me dot wattle box and 'spree wagon, an' 'oo gan'pa will have to div 'his room to my papa. All dem nice play sings and pets what 'oo have dot will be mine after while, when I'm a little bit bigger dirl. 'Oo sink 'oose smart 'oo 'oo lives in de white house. My papa used to live dere; I never did, but I 's doan to. Den I will drive 'oo out; I hate 'oo, Baby M'Tee. If it wasn't for 'oo gan'pa I would have been born in de white house. But 'oo dis never mind; when my papa turns back, an' I dit in your play house and dit all dem nice sings, 'oo shan't tum in and play; I don't want 'oo to ever speak to me any more, 'tuss I'm and to you.—Enquirer headlines.

No Work, No Pay.

The "Hobbs" bill to stop the pay of members of the General Assembly, when absent from their duties, except when detained by sickness of themselves or families, came up in the house yesterday, with a substitute by the committee reporting the bill, providing for extending the provisions of the bill to other officers of the State government. The subject was made a special order for Wednesday, June 28th, inst. The bill has numerous friends in the House, and present appearances indicate the passage by that body of an act covering most of the prominent features of this bill.—Frankfort Capital.

Ayer's Eye Cure is warranted to cure all malarial disorders, when taken according to directions. Sold by all dealers in medicine.

Another From Texas.

DALLAS, TEXAS, June 22, 1892.

The State Missionary convention is in session at this place. My lodging was secured by the pastor of Central church in the royal home of Mrs. Hamilton, one block from the church. There are many distinguished ministers attending the convention from most of the Southern States.

The News reports a check in the political convention at Chicago. The Democrats here are loud in their expressions for Cleveland, though admitting he is not quite elected after the nomination.

The Peoples party will have a convention here tomorrow. They only think of putting out a State ticket. This party is numerous in the South, but poorly organized.

The city of Dallas is in great excitement caused by the murder of two policemen. There was an attempt made by about 1,000 armed men, on the night of the 18th inst., to drag the prisoners from the jail and riddle their bodies with balls ranging from the size of a pocket gun to that of a good sized cannon. The mob engaging in the riot had the artillery of Oak Cliff in their possession and played it on the jail. Their intended work of much violence was held in check by a strong police organization until about midnight, at which time important speeches were made with force enough to induce this mighty army of excited blood hounds to delay the execution of the prisoners for a time.

There is no drought in this part of the great Lone Star State. Crops of all kinds are unusually good. This, in my opinion, is the best part of Texas for farming purposes. The soil has been fully tested. Indeed, I must say this is a magnificent country. At the same time I wish to state I am only a health seeker in the great Southwest and not seeking a location. Again I will intimate I do not consider this community free from all objections. This will cause some of my Kentucky friends to wonder why I make such hints without giving them a list of the things I don't like. I suppose they will pardon the delay when they remember I promised in a former letter to THE HERALD to tell no bad "talks" while I was down South.

Glad to say my health is improving. Preached at Hutchins, fifteen miles south of Dallas, last Sunday. I have not been so well since. I suppose it will not be long before I can get my consent to leave Texas. Don't let anybody's wife or children write me a long love letter, closing with a cordial invitation to the good studies of Kentucky, or I will be taken with a great spell to rush off on the first north bound freight train, standing on my feet all the night long, jumping from one corner of a cattle car to the other just in time to avoid the gore of a longhorned Texas steer or the wound of a steel spear held by the cow boy on the top of the car and goading the cattle to keep them on foot, all of which could have been avoided by waiting one hour longer and boarding Pullman's palace passenger. Please let no such message come. If there is anything in my letter that would cause anybody who don't know me to think I am homesick or dissatisfied leave that out. If my letter is too long I will write more next time in shorthand. With best wishes, I am
Yours, etc., D. H. F.

Full In!

Ye tried and true Democrats? Sure we must fight if we would win; increase our courage, Grover; just say you'll be, when you go in, a Democrat all over. We can't be carried to the skies on flowery beds of ease. We can not fight for years and years and live on bread and cheese. For some like cake and others pie and meat, to say the least, and when we win we hate to see the other fellows feast. When March the fourth again shall rise, and Grover Cleveland shine, he'll call us up, if he be wise, and put us dead in line. Don't jolly up the Mugwump now, by talking through your hat; remember what a man once said: "I am a Democrat." That little phrase shines out like gold; if you will but repeat it, the enemy will lose its hold, and we will help defeat it.—Headlines in Cincinnati Enquirer.

Ayer's Sarsaparilla, operating through the blood, radically cures scrofulous taint.

Cleveland and Stevenson.

In Mr. Cleveland the Democratic party have a leader whom all Democrats can trust; whom all Americans in all parties can trust; for whether they agree with him or not they know that he is sincere, candid, honest, manly, American, a man of the people, full of sympathy for the masses, with a genuine American's aversion to classes; not rash in forming opinions; never given to jumping at conclusions; but tenacious to his purposes when convinced that he is right, and willing always to sacrifice his own fortunes to his ideas of what is right and honest, of what is true and manly, of what makes for the welfare of all Americans. As the Democratic nominee he stands for clean politics; for a free and unthought ballot; for honest and economical administration.

In nominating for the Vice Presidency Hon. Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, the Chicago convention completed its work admirably. "Cleveland and Stevenson" make a very strong ticket. Excepting Mr. Cleveland himself no one is more popular in Illinois and in the West than Mr. Stevenson. Like Mr. Cleveland, he is a man and not a money bag. He has come up from the people. He stands for American manhood and manhood rights, not for money and money privileges. He was put on the ticket because he was qualified for Vice President, and not to "reach into Wall street" or to "pay the freight."

There is every prospect that this ticket will carry New York, New Jersey and Connecticut, Indiana, Illinois, Iowa and Wisconsin against Harrison. Cleveland and Stevenson will be inaugurated next March. In the meantime let all Democrats prepare for a heated campaign in which every Democrat must do his duty.—Lexington Transcript.

Gov. Hill and the Ticket.

Months ago, the Capital stated its belief that Mr. Cleveland would be nominated, and that when this was accomplished, Gov. Hill would go home and rally his friends in Tammany and out of it, and tell them that New York must be carried for the ticket. He has been charged with the defeat of 1888, and can only wipe out that charge by carrying the State for Cleveland this year. We have no reason for changing these views; to the contrary, are strengthened in them by the following utterances from Hon. Thomas F. Bayard, which appeared yesterday in the press dispatches:

"The New York storm can be quelled as easily as it was raised, and upon Senator Hill will devolve the duty as a Democrat to end it. He is a young man, but a wise man and a loyal Democrat, and when he sees how imperative is the demand made by the country for Cleveland he must fall in here and do his duty to the party. Of course he will do it. It is an insult to Senator Hill to suggest, even by implication, that he will not lend his full energies to the election of our candidate. It is within his right to do all that has been done in Chicago up to the present time, but the nomination once made, the situation changes, and Senator Hill and the gentlemen who have done such excellent work for him, will be for the nominee."—Frankfort Capital.

Senator Voorhees on the Ticket.

At a Cleveland and Stevenson ratification meeting at Terre Haute, Indiana, Senator Voorhees said that while the Indiana Democrats were disappointed that Gray was not on the ticket, yet Gen. Stevenson was a personal friend of his, and he knew him to be an able, clean and thoroughly acceptable candidate. Senator Voorhees said Indiana would cast her electoral votes for Cleveland and Stevenson, and that no prediction was surer to be fulfilled than that.

A newspaper is always printed in a rush, says the New York Sun. There is always something in it that should have been left out; something left out that should have been put in. It is sometimes too quick to act, but with all its shortcomings there is more education in a bright newspaper than there is in any novel. You will find the brightest boy on practical, sensible, every-day questions the boy who reads the newspapers.

The cheapest and best stationery can be found at THE HERALD office.

The Peoples party in Texas has nominated a State ticket.

THE PLACE FOR HIM.

Blue dress was torn upon a farm.
But farm work didn't agree
With him, as he said:
"This ain't no place for me."
He lived content while he could play
As long as he could see
But when they brought him work, he said:
"This ain't no place for me."
An' so he left the farm behind
An' run away to sea;
"There ain't no isles there to dig,
An' work is shure," he he,
But when they made him scrub the deck;
This was too much, he he,
Es he went leavin' overboard:
"This ain't no place for me."
An' then he started out an' avum
Right through the water and
"This feels like work," he soon allowed,
"This ain't no place for me."
A merchant vessel took him on,
An' in a bunk he curled,
Until they carried him down upon
The other side the world.
An' then them big tailed Chinamen
Set him to pickin' tea.
He worked for half an hour, an' said:
"This ain't no place for me."
W'y, this is just like work," he cried,
An' a sweeper started
Through all his feet, an' he fell
Like one who's dropped down dead.
He went into a fever,
Felt to ravish like a Turk,
An' he thought that he was runnin'
All the time away from work.
Once he dreamed that he was workin',
An' he tramped up along an' free,
An' left his bed, an' run an' shrieked:
"This ain't no place for me."
He came back to America
To hunt for rest an' peace,
An' at last he got appointed
With full pay on the police.
An' the first night he sat down,
"I've found my place," he he,
"At last I got away from work,
This is the place for me."
—S. W. Foss, N. Y. Herald.



SARAH DODNEY

of Hazel Green, Ky.

CHAPTER XV.—CONTINUED.

"It is Lucy!" they heard her say.
"You could not have painted this if you
had not known her. It is Lucy
Cromer!"
With one impulse they moved to the
apartment where she was standing, and the
chaplain said that her gaze was fixed
on that study of a head which Seaward
had shown him two or three days ago.
Her face had grown pale with intense
feeling; her clear eyes were slowly fill-
ing with tears.
"It is like, oh, so like!" she said.
"It has brought her back to me, and she
was my dearest friend. Only while she
lived her face was sadder than this.
She did not look perfectly happy till
she was dead!"
"Dead!" the word came from Claud
Villiers.
They all turned and looked at him.
He stood grasping the back of a chair



"IT IS LIKE, OH, SO LIKE!"

and gazing at Olive with an expression
that almost terrified her, it was so full
of hopeless misery.
"Where did she die?" he asked, bring-
ing out his words in a strange, hoarse
voice.
"How long ago?"
"At Eastman, in a little village in
Vermont, just after harvest last year."
This was Olive's answer, spoken in a
tremulous tone. Her eyes seemed to
be questioning Claud on instinct, told
her that he had been the cause of that
mysterious grief which had shortened
Lucy's life.
As in a vision she saw once more the
little room, filled with the glow of an
autumn sunset, and the jasmine flow-
ers. Once more she beheld the light on
Lucy's face, and heard the dying voice
speaking of forgiveness.
"Forgive, if you would find peace," it
said. "Forgive if you would have your
wounds healed, and feel the soft touch
of Christ's finger on your sore heart."
And then, as if that voice were
prompting her, she spoke quite calmly,
with her steadfast gaze still fixed on
Claud Villiers.
"Lucy had suffered great wrongs.
She did not tell me what they were;
but at the last she forgave them all. As
she was very happy when she died. I
never saw anyone who enjoyed such
perfect peace."
The unhappy man who had listened

to these words turned suddenly away.
Olive had omitted to say a Nathan made
David. For a few seconds there was
silence; then the door opened and shut,
and they knew that Claud was gone.
"What does this mean, Seaward?"
Adeline Villiers asked. "His face was
haughty, her eyes were composed. She
was fronting Aylstone and looking at
him with gray eyes that seemed to read
his very heart."

A flush mounted on his bronzed fore-
head, and he glanced away, ashamed to
meet her searching gaze. It was the
chaplain who answered the difficult
question; and his voice, gentle and quiet
as ever, soothed the perturbed spirits
near him.

"Miss Villiers, you have now learned
a thing that ought to have been told
you long ago. Do not be hard on Seaw-
ard; he wanted you to know every-
thing, but Claud refused to speak. Miss
Villiers insisted on his silence. Lucy
Cromer, once your grandmother's com-
panion, was Claud's promised wife."

And he threw her over, said Adeline,
coolly, "because he was afraid of
grandmother. He preferred to break
his heart (such as it is) rather than
lose an old woman's money. Mr. Syd-
ney, I thank you sincerely for bringing
Miss Winfield here to-day."

"I did not know that her coming
would lead to this disclosure," he re-
plied. "But I am glad that you know
the truth. Only I wish that it had not
been revealed in such a painful way."

"I am sorry," said Olive, softly. "It
was so startling to find her here! And
I never knew Lucy's story; she did not
blame anyone. She forgave all!"

"The dying scholar might forgive, but
the living sinner cannot," Adeline spoke
in her old-spirited fashion. "I don't be-
lieve, Miss Winfield, you have done me
a very great kindness. You shall hear
now that I have been troubled by an ac-
cuserment with my cousin Claud—the
man who has just gone out of the room.
When he was absent, and sad, and lan-
guid—as he often was—I set it down to
weak health, and not to a guilty con-
science. My grandmother always had
a store of excellent excuses ready; and
even Seaward—"

"Seaward craves your mercy, Adeline," Aylstone said, humbly.

"I was blinded," she went on. "I
thought, as people generally do think,
that it would all come right by and by,
for him and for me. As if anything could
go well with a man who had been
utterly and hopelessly false!"

Again there was a pause; and then
the chaplain turned to Olive, and said,
quietly, that they would go.
"Good-bye, Miss Winfield," Adeline
said, kindly. "We will meet here again
some time. I am very glad to have seen
you. Don't be sorry, please, for what
has happened to-day."

For Olive, with old memories and
new feelings, she went on. Her heart
was glad to find herself outside the
house. Mr. Sidney wisely forbore to
talk to her just then; but he did not part
with her without speaking reassuring
words. She went through the
shop, and up to her little room like one
in a dream. Her recent grief seemed to
be put far away in the background;
Lucy's story was more real to day than
her own. She softened in her heart;
her thoughts were conscious of a kind
of tender compassion for Seaward
Aylstone, and a distinct remembrance
of his distressed look. It was always
hard, she thought, to be honest, to be
to be mixed up with falsehood and deceit;
and he was surely true.

When the two cousins were left alone
in the studio, Adeline's face underwent
a change. She softened a little, and
sat down quietly in a low chair by the
fire.
"Seaward," she said, looking up at
him as he stood leaning dejectedly against
the mantel, "I have said, 'if you
were to win that girl and cast her off,
I should hate you. I hope you will marry
her; I hope you will prove that base-
ness does not run in our blood.'"

"You must have earned away a de-
lightful impression of Claud and me,"
he muttered, gloomily. "I dreadsay she
will be afraid ever to look at me again."

"You can remove the impression if
you take pains," Adeline replied. "And
of course Mr. Sidney will help you. I
like that man; he has made a study of
humanity, and knows exactly how to
deal with it. If he had not been for
him I should not easily have got a direct
explanation to-day."

Seaward shifted his position and
sighed.
"I did not remember the morning
when he brought Lucy Cromer here for
me to make a study of her," he said.
"Grandmother had sent her out shop-
ping, and they contrived to meet. He
set the scene, and her heart was his.
It was his favorite flower, and he liked
her to wear it. You see, Adeline, he
counted on granny's real affection for
the girl; he thought they might per-
suade her to forgive them if they were
once married."

"She might have forgiven them; it
was quite possible. I have never once
heard Lucy Cromer's name till to-day.
Granny has kept the secret with won-
derful craft. Go on, Seaward, and tell
me all that you know."

Seaward did tell her all that he
knew. And when he had finished, she
drew a long breath and rose from her
seat.

"I don't want to see Claud any more,"
she said, quietly. "If I remain with
him, it must be understood that he is
not to touch me. As to house, As to
granny herself, I feel quite equal to
the task of reducing her to submission.
If you are not too much used up, Seaw-

ward, you may come and hear me an-
nounce my intentions to her."

But Seaward weakly owned that he
would rather not be present at the
scene. He wanted to smoke a pipe in
peace, and calm his mind. So Adeline
went off alone, and the wall of Olive's
room was indeed reduced to sub-
mission that very evening. To do
the old woman justice she had sent
many an uneasy thought after Lucy
Cromer. And when Adeline described
the afternoon's experience, and told of
Lucy's death, the shock was too great
for Seaward. She astonished Miss Vil-
liers by hursting into tears, and losing
at her throat and back, and so that
Adeline was really touched and soft-
ened.

"Never mind, granny," her grand-
daughter said. "You cannot restore
Lucy to life; but you can carefully re-
frain from meddling with other lives, in
the future."

CHAPTER XVI.

OLD LOVE.

Winter days have come at last; the
plane-trees in the old churchyard of the
graveyard were stripped of leaves, the ash
showed only a lattice-work of bare
boughs; but the grass was freshly
green, and the ivy spread its beautiful



HE LOOKED THROUGHTFUL.

tapestry over the bank that sloped
sharply down to the chapel walls. The
gray tower stood up against a gray sky,
but the sunshine of a contented
mind lay warm on Olive's life.

It seemed to be the most natural
thing in the world for Seaward Ayl-
stone to join her as they came out of
chapel on Sundays. They always
talked to each other in a friendly fash-
ion; yet on her side there was a little
reserve, on his a great deal of defer-
ence. Olive was not a girl who wore
her heart upon her sleeve. It was a
very faithful heart, its deep wounds
were even now securely healed, and
she carried it securely locked up in her
bosom. It is to Seaward, the chaplain,
was rather a grave young man,
who had chosen to live his own life
and work hard at his profession. But
he had never been a selfish life, and the
fame that he had won had not been
gained at the cost of better things.

Their talk about Lucy had brought
them nearer together than anything
else could have done. Her portrait
was hanging on the wall of Olive's
little room, and its presence there gave
her a sense of quiet companionship.

All was quiet in Olive's life now—
thoughts, friendships, hopes, were all
of the most tranquil kind. The calm
that had first fallen on her spirit within
the chapel walls had never passed
away, the chaplain's voice still led
her forth beside the waters of com-
fort, and day after day she proved that
it was:

"Better to have a quiet grief than a hurrying
delight;
Better the twilight of the dawn than the noon-
day turbine bright."

One day Aaron Fenlake came to see
her again. He had said, "if you
were to win that girl and cast her off,
I should hate you and waste. There was
no need to tell her that Michael was mar-
ried; she had seen the announcement
of his marriage in the paper, and no
further tidings of him had ever reached
her ears. But Aaron had watched op-
portunities, and had even hung about
old Mr. Hattersby's great house at
Hamstead to find out how things went
on."

"Why are you anxious to know?"
Olive asked. "I think it is best to be in
ignorance. Let him alone; we have
nothing more to do with him, Aaron."
"I want to see whether the wicked
will always flourish like the green bay
tree," he answered grimly. "I am
waiting for the time when he will be
withered up, and his name will have
been spoiled by life and mine."

"No," she said; "it is our own fault
if our lives are spoiled, not his. We are
fools, Aaron, if we will not build a new
house because the old one is a ruin.
Are we to waste our time in sitting
among the fragments of shattered hopes
and mourning over them?"

"That is just what I am doing every
day," replied Aaron.
"And that is just what you must not do.
Aaron, why can't you leave off
brooding over your wrongs? Is your
heart so full of hate that there is no room
for love in it?"

He was silent, and she went on.
"Have you forgotten Jane? I hear
that Robert Steel is expected home in
the spring. Aaron, the most faithful
heart cannot wait and trust for ever if
no sign is given."

His gloomy face flushed, and a sudden
light gleamed in his eyes. The little
ash-tree heaped him at last.

"Instead of waiting for a sign, Michael
withered up root and branch—a thing
which never will come to pass, I hope—"

why not make sure of one good thing
while it may still be had? Why not go
back to the old village and revive the
old love? I wish, Aaron, that you could
get some work to do in the country."

"I have never thought of trying," he
said, looking at the idea.
"I would be glad to go to get out
of London. Promise me, Aaron, that
you will write to your old acquaintances
in Petersfield. There may be some-
thing for you to do."

"I will think of it, Olive," he replied.
"No, don't think of it—do it. Some-
how your thinking always ends in a
kind of melancholy dreaming. Write to
Jane, and tell her that you want to
come back to the old village."

He looked irresolute. She sprang up
and got pen, ink and paper.
"There," she said, dipping the pen in
the ink, and putting it into his hand.
"I will stand on my resolutely till
the letter is written."

And she laughed—a soft, merry laugh
that seemed to come ringing back from
the past.

He had never heard her laugh since
she had come to London, and the sound
recalled their early days as nothing else
had ever done. Once more he was a
boy, and roaming through old meadows
with two happy girls. Once more he
seemed to breathe that fresh, free air
that has a little poetry in it, and elaps
to the heart like a sweet song. The scent
of the fields, the keen breath of morn-
ing, the perfume of honeysuckle on the
warm evening breeze, all this came
back to him again.

Olive was right. Among the old
downs he might find his true self again
and be a happier man than he could
ever be in London. Some men are
always restless at heart—they lose
all sense of freedom in cities, and con-
stant intercourse with many people
drives them back into the grim fortress
of a self. Aaron had never thriven on
London; the fresh hill breezes had
often whispered to him in the crowded
streets and brought tears to his eyes.
He was passionately in love with his
old home, and his heart refused to ad-
mit any new affections. It was this
moral faithfulness that had made him
loyal to Michael and had made Michael
almost hate him.

His face had softened when Olive
laughed. It is faces seem to grow
younger as they bent over the sheet of
note-paper; hers had recaptured the
sunny playfulness that sorrow had
driven away, his had regained the old
joyful look of a contented man.
While the sunshine of the moment im-
pressed about him he began to write, and
so the letter was finished and folded and
stamped, and actually dropped into a
letter-box.

That letter came to Eastman in the
gray of a winter morning, when Jane
Chubb, having given her father his
breakfast, was standing at the cottage
door. A cold had broken the chill
silence with its clear song, and
suddenly cheering Jane's heart as she
looked out across the bare garden. The
well-known post of the postman sounded
on the road, and she left off look-
ing for letters from Aaron, and was
trying to live on unsustained by the old
hope. Yet she started and felt her



IN MISS HOOPER'S KITCHEN.

heart throbbing very fast when the man
paused at the gate.

She ran out to receive the letter. Per-
haps it was for Mrs. Hooper or Mrs.
Chubb. Olive wrote regularly to
them both. But no, this letter was ad-
dressed to Jane herself in Aaron's well-
remembered handwriting. The warm
blood rushed to her cheeks, and she was
rosy and gay in spite of the bleak morn-
ing.

She carried her treasures into Mrs.
Hooper's cottage that she might enjoy
it in peace; for Peggy Chubb, her sister,
had a habit of tarnishing the luster
of new joys by a few chilly words.
Peggy had never had any lovers of her
own, and always steadily refused to be-
lieve in other people's sweethearts until
they became husbands. Michael Chase
had proved himself utterly false; Aaron
had forgotten old attachments;
Peggy was all alike, and sensible girls
ought not to allow themselves to be
taken in. As no one had ever attempted
to take Peggy in, she had never been
exposed to any danger; but she went on
dianing her way into Jane's ear until
the girl was tired of hearing them.

So Jane read her letter in the friendly
shelter of Mrs. Hooper's kitchen, and
the old woman and the young one re-
joiced together. They rejoiced all the
more because old Bartlett, the well-to-
do miller, was looking about for a
steady young man to help him in his
business, and he was the prop of his old age.
And who was to be the prop of his old age?
(TO BE CONTINUED.)

THE ANARCHIST'S WEAPONS.

SOMETHING ABOUT Dynamite and the Other
Explosives Used in Paris.

The use of dynamite is so thoroughly
controlled in France, that one would
think it next to impossible for an an-
archist to get much into their possession.
There are in the whole country but
two societies for the manufacture of ex-
plosives which have no nitro-glycerine as
their basis; and these are allowed to
produce dynamite only in lots of five
barrels.

A contractor, for instance, wants to
make a tunnel of this substance for
blasting in a tunnel. He addresses
the prefect of his department,
who gives him a permission to
purchase the specified quantity for
specified use. The contractor or-
ders, and the prefect makes the requisite
amount. Eight days after the delivery
of the article the contractor must
furnish to an agent of the prefect the
proofs of the uses to which the dynam-
ite has been put, even to the last
grain.

Thefts of dynamite at factories are
impossible, and they are rare at the
offices of contractors. The French police
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In the mines in the north of France
the miners are paid so much per yard of
progress in the coal seams. The miner
furnishes dynamite to the miner
at about forty cents per pound, and
keeps back the amount on the weekly
wages. It would be very easy for a
miner to keep back a caution now and
then, and thus to enter into possession
of quite a little stock of dynamite. But
these cartridges used in the mines pro-
duce very little effect when exploded
in the open air, and the results in the
Rue de la Paix were so tremendous that
they have unwilling to ascribe them
to dynamite.

The habit is to designate as "dynamite"
all kind of explosives, whether
picrate or nitro-glycerine or cotton
powder. The society calls "dynamite"
the explosive made by mixing nitro-
glycerine with such a combustible
product as powder, cellulose or azotate
of potash, or with an inert basis; this
the society used in its blasting.

The chemist Nobe was the
first, in 1845, to use nitro-glycerine for
blasting out rocks, learned by cruel ex-
perience that the handling of the sub-
stance is extremely perilous. In 1868 a
Swedish factory which he had
started at Stockholm blew up and took
twenty men with it. Sweden forbade
the manufacture of nitro-glycerine
within the borders after this, and to
avoid having to supply themselves in
Germany.

To Nobe is due the idea of mixing
nitro-glycerine with "kieselguhr," a
porous matter, composed mainly of
silica. French factories which he had
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The Anarchists "Groups" the most
dangerous ones, as those at "Chilly," a
region specially infested by the
strivers of society. It is there that the
"Antipathies," the "Flat Feet," the
"Children of Revolt," the "Disinherited"
and the "Anarchists" meet, and where
they have any to do with the
Revolution probably made his own
dynamite. — N. Y. Journal.

A Brutal Pastime.

Mrs. Simon Petherly is one of the
most extravagant women in Austin.
Her husband grows in his spirit every
day when he is called on to pay her
bills. A few days ago she said to him:
"Dear Simon, just see what a nice
present I got you for your birthday."
"What is it, dearest?" he asked.
"A beautiful pocket-book to keep
your money in. See, it is a pocket-
book, but you must promise me always
to think of me when you take it out."

Petherly (dolefully): "Oh, you bet
I think of you every time I open it. I
am bound to do that.—Texas Sifters.

Working His Mother.

First Boy: "Didn't your mother tell you
to get out?"
Second Boy: "Yep."
"Then what did you get out for?"
"Cause she'll want me to go back an'
tell 'em I made a mistake, an' want out."
Third Boy: "Then I'll say I'm arf, an' I
don't want to go back, an' then she'll
give me five cents to buy candy."—Texas
News.

A Sensible Girl.

Miss Charter Oakes—While Mr. Spin-
dle was calling on me the other even-
ing I excused myself for a moment; and
when I came back, I found that the
fellow was actually asleep!
Feantheuse—Dear me! what did you
do—wake him up?
Miss Charter Oakes—Oh, no, indeed!
I let him sleep until it was time for him
to go.—Puck.

It Gives Rhythm to a Most Perfect Book.

Rev. Dr. Talmage, Sunday, took for the subject of his sermon the single word Selah. The text was psalms lxl, 4: "Selah."

So I do through the *Selah* into His *lib*le
And into our lives, compelling us to stop
and think, stop and consider, stop and
stop, stop and pray, stop and repent
stop and pray, stop and repent
the great number of times that we read
the *lib*le through that makes us intelle-
tual in the scriptures. We must pause.
What though it take an hour for one
verse? What though it take a week for
one verse? What though it take a year
for one chapter? We must pause and
measure the height, the depth, the
length, the breadth, the universe, the
eternity of menning in one verse, I
like to use some one of the *lib*les, I
like to use one of the *lib*les, I like to
savor of two letters, during one life-
time the word "so" in the New Testa-
ment passage, "God so loved the
world."
Augustine made a long pause
over the verse, "that ye love one
another and abide in Him."
I believe that he spent his
whole life, made a long pause after

My flesh shall stumber in the ground
Till the last trumpet's joyful sound;
Then burst the chains with sweet surprise,
And in my Saviour's image rise.

What we want, ministers and laymen, is to get our sermons and our exhortations and our prayers out of the old rut. I see a great deal of discussion in the religious papers about why people do not come to church. They do not come because they are not interested. The old hackneyed religious phrases that come moving down through the centuries will never arrest the masses. What we want to-day, you in your

—You will never grow like Christ unless you are in earnest about it.—Alex M'Lara.

would do just as well. Marry my mother.—N. Y. Weekly.

HAZEL GREEN HERALD.

SPENCER COOPER, Editor.



HAZEL GREEN, KY.:
FRIDAY, July 1, 1892.

DEMOCRATIC TICKET.

For President:
GROVER CLEVELAND,
Of New York.

For Vice President:
ADLAI E. STEVENSON,
Of Illinois.

FOR CONGRESS.

We are authorized to announce MARCUS C. LITTLE, of Clark county, as a candidate for Congress in the Tenth Kentucky district, subject to the action of the Democratic party.

Election November 8, 1892.

CURRENT NEWS AND COMMENT.

HON. ALLEN G. THURMAN, the "Old Roman" of Democracy in Ohio, says the Democratic ticket is the best that could have been put up, and that it will carry the country in November like a cyclone.

GOVERNOR BOIES, of Iowa, the most formidable opponent Mr. Cleveland had in the Chicago convention, last Friday telegraphed Grover his congratulations and assured him that Iowa Democrats were for him.

We have in prospect a fine lot of persimmons, and if there is any man in this county who thinks the Prairie State of Illinois will not go Democratic in the Presidential election, we'll just wager the whole crop against an equivalent in pumpkins that she does.

THE Tammany braves of New York have already volunteered the information that they will do all in their power to elect Cleveland and Stevenson, and this means a united Democracy in the Empire State. Who, then, can for a moment doubt the success of the ticket in November?

THE HERALD enjoys the distinction of having been established on the day that Grover Cleveland was first inaugurated President, and it hopes in March, 1893, to celebrate its eighth anniversary with a boom edition, in which will appear the inaugural address of this "man of destiny," with illustrations of scenes, etc.

HON. A. STEVENSON, candidate for Vice President on the Democratic ticket, was born in Christian county, Kentucky, and graduated at Centre College, Danville, in 1856. In voting for him we carry with our suffrage a great deal of State pride, and Democrats should go to work to give the ticket the largest majority ever given in the State.

INAVERTENTLY we have failed to note the honor conferred upon one of our countrymen, Hon. J. C. Lykins, by the recent State convention, but we now take pleasure in doing so. Mr. Lykins was chosen as the Democratic elector for this district, and we regard the selection as highly complimentary, not only to Mr. Lykins but to Wolfe county as well. Joe is a true blue-dyed-in-the-wool Democrat, and under his guidance the old Tenth can be relied upon for a big majority.

WE this week place at the head of our columns the Democratic ticket. For President we have that staunch Democrat, Grover Cleveland, of New York, the "man of destiny," and for Vice President, we have Adlai E. Stevenson, of Illinois, thus representing with the ticket the two largest States in the Union, and we have every reason to hope that both will fall into the Democratic column next fall. New York is reasonably sure to go Democratic, all predictions of soreheads to the contrary notwithstanding, and the influence of Mr. Stevenson and his followers in Illinois is thought to be sufficient to carry that State for the Democrats. If every Democrat will do his duty from now until election day we are sure to inaugurate a Democratic President and Vice President next March, and we believe all the Democrats, without regard to past preferences, will be in line for victory next November. The candidate for second place being a native of Kentucky, it is safe to predict that he will poll a very

large vote. Hurrah for Cleveland and Stevenson! Let every Democrat take up the cry and keep it hot until after the election and victory will perch upon our banner.

WASHINGTON LETTER.

WASHINGTON June 14, 1892.
Again the expected has happened in National politics. It is already evident that this Presidential campaign is not to be run on the enthusiastic plan. The nomination of Mr. Cleveland was received by the Democrats with the same, oh, well-it-had-to-be-anyway air that the Republicans did the re-nomination of President Harrison. One thing is certain, both men were nominated against the wishes of the men who have in the past arrogated to themselves the privilege of controlling the nominations for President in their respective parties, and both of them are free of obligations to the political bosses.

Another thing also is certain, and for it all decent people should be thankful. The campaign will be free from the personal abuse, which all too often forms the greater part of the arguments used on both sides in a National campaign. There is little doubt that these two men clearly represent everything which the majority of their respective parties stand for. As ex-Governor Jackson, of Maryland, at present residing in Washington, puts it: "Both men have been tried and the people know just where they stand; both men hold the same views on the money question; Harrison would retain the present tariff, Cleveland would largely reduce it and increase the free list; Harrison favors the enactment of a Federal election law, Cleveland opposes it."

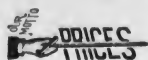
The fact that Mr. Cleveland holds the same views on the money question as Mr. Harrison does, is what made the Alliance and Peoples party men want him nominated. It will, they say, bring out in strong contrast the directly opposite view of that subject which will be set forth by the Omaha convention, and they count on it to get thousands of votes for the new party.

Not even the important political events of Democratic convention week could entirely overshadow the communication sent to the Senate by President Harrison concerning the commercial relations of the United States with Canada, although they have prevented its receiving the attention due to its importance. It must be remembered that the communication was not voluntarily made, but was an answer to a resolution adopted by the Senate calling for all the facts and copies of correspondence between the two governments. Mr. Harrison frankly says that there is no probability of commercial reciprocity between the two countries and goes into particulars as to reasons, the principal of which is that Canada is not willing to put any of the manufactures of the United States on the free list; she wishes to send her agricultural products to the United States free of duty and at the same time to shut out American manufactures in order that English goods may retain their supremacy. Mr. Harrison practically recommends that Congress shall adopt retaliatory legislation against Canada because of its violation of the treaty of 1870 by discriminating against American vessels using Canadian waterways, and a resolution has been introduced in the Senate authorizing him to retaliate.

Notwithstanding denials made by the gentlemen whose names have been mentioned in connection therewith, there is a belief here, which is constantly growing, that a full Presidential ticket will be put in the field by the silver men of the West and South and that it will be made up from the Senate, one being a Republican and the other a Democrat. Senators Stewart, Wolcott and Teller are the Republicans mentioned in this connection, and Senator Morgan, of Alabama, is the Democrat. It is rumored here that a movement is on foot to get the Peoples party convention, which meets at Omaha July 4, to make its ticket from a list of silver Senators, including those mentioned above and several others.

Gen. Harney Porter, of New York, has declined the chairmanship of the Republican National committee, which was tendered him by President Harrison, who, as the nominee of his party, is entitled to the privilege of naming the head of the committee which shall manage his campaign, and suggested Chauncey Depew for the place. It is now said that Mr. Depew never had any idea of accepting the vacant cabinet portfolio, although it was offered to him, and, indeed, pressed upon him; but it is just as well to make some allowance for such statements, as it is certain they do not originate with President Harrison or with Mr. Depew, and only those two know all about it.

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It Will Pay You to Read All This.



While in Cincinnati we got hold of a Stock of Goods at 50 cents on the dollar, spot cash, which we are going to give to our friends and the public while it lasts. We have made up our minds that we are going to show the people that we appreciate their splendid patronage in the past, and we are going to sell the splendid purchase we made at less than the goods can be manufactured for. All we ask of you is to give our several

BARGAIN TABLES

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Good Plaid Cotton, sold for 84c., now 5c. a yard.
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Plaid Cheviot Suiting, former price 15c., now 6 1/2c. a yard.
Camels' Hair Suitings, formerly 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Heavy Jeans, two good colors, 10c. a yard.
Heavy Cottonade, worth 20c., now 10c. a yard.
Cedar Pencils 5c. a dozen.
Large Rubber Head Lead Pencils, 10c. a dozen.
Falcon Bank and School Pens, 5c. a dozen.
75 Needles, or three papers for 5c.
Large size Shaving Glass worth 10c. for 5c.
Extra large size Shoe Blacking 5c. a box.
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2 Extra large boxes Lily White for 5c.
Heavy Weight Note Paper, 24 sheets or 1 quire, 5c.
50 Envelopes or 2 packages for 5c.
Five Thumbtacks, all sizes, for 5c.
Extra large Gilt Back Blank Book for 5c.
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24 Shoe Laces for 5c.
7, 8 and 9-inch Covered Dress Steels 5c. a dozen.
Large 8 inch Rubber Redding Comb for 5c.
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Ladies' Hose, absolutely fast black, 5c. a pair.
Ladies' Fancy Hose, extra large, 5c. a pair.
Seamless Mixed Socks 5c. a pair.
Splendid Fancy Socks 5c. a pair.
Children's Black and Fancy Hose 5c. a pair.
Fancy Domet Flannel Overshoes 25c. each.
Men's Fancy Web End Suspenders 10c. a pair.
28-inch Turkey Red Bandana Handkerchief for 5c.
Children's Fancy Handkerchiefs 1c. each.
Extra heavy and well made Striped Jeans Pants worth \$1.50 for \$1.00 a pair.
Extra heavy 16-rib Umbrellas for 75c. each.
Genuine Gloria Silk Umbrellas for \$1 each.
Large Fancy Border Hand Towels 10c. a pair.
Fancy Colored Window Curtains, good, 5c. a yard.
One dozen Napkins, fringed, for 25c.

And thousands of other items we could name at equally low prices. In addition to above immense bargains we will sell to every cash purchaser of \$5.00 or over, also to every person paying us \$10.00 or over in cash on notes and accounts,

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